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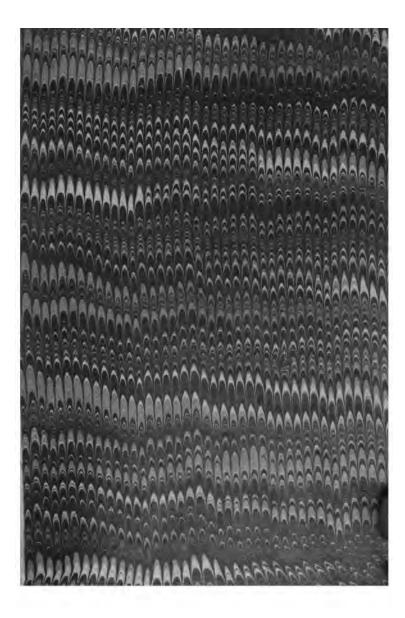






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### THE



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1867.

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#### THE

# DANVERS PAPERS.

NEVER have I seen a more beautiful and romantically placed abode than Castle Ballymore. It stands at the inner end of one of those deep indentations of the coast that are fiords in Norway, firths in Scotland, but become loughs in less accurate Ireland. Lough Ballymore is nestled beneath that shaggy crest which Ireland seems to be shaking at the outstretched hand of Galloway. In the rear are plantations, ending in a waste of purple heath and bog, and plantations likewise shelter this little

secluded inlet of sea, clothing its rugged sides, wherever they are not too rocky and precipitous on the one hand, or too gentle and fertile to be thus employed on the other. The south side is all wood and rock, an exquisite contrast of dark pine and purple-red stone; the northern, sloping more gradually, displays fields and meadows of the true green of the Emerald Isle; and beneath, the exquisite colour of the lakelike sea, and the reflections, mirror-like and yet fantastic, are an ever-varying vision of delight. Or when the wind drives the waves, struggling and foaming, to lash the guardian cliffs, and heave the small isolated lough into remembrance of its connexion with the great agitated ocean, the scene has such a fascination that it is difficult not to watch it continually.

The Castle stands at the head of the lough. It is a castle only by courtesy, being really a large substantial building, showing traces of the handiwork of various generations, but nothing older than the bastard Tudor of the early Stuart reigns. Within, however, it is a delightfully irregular house, rendered charming by Irish warmth and brightness, and teeming with old traditions, droll, fantastic, or terrible, though even the most frightful seem to lose their horror when told round the cheerful fireside of Sir Bernard and Lady Danvers.

These traditions were resuscitated in full force this last summer, on the occasion of a visit from some American guests, Mr. and Miss Danvers, who claimed ancient kindred with the Ballymore family, and were as much exalted as enchanted to

find that they thus might lay as much claim as did their hosts, to all the wild background of Ultonian history. They were specially curious about old family papers, and letters respecting the first settlement of their branch in America, and Sir Bernard was at last stimulated to open a certain mysterious iron door, and turn us loose into his archives. I must confess that for some time we were not much the wiser for the crumpled old wills—if wills they were—that we hunted out, but at last we arrived at a large bundle tied with broad black ribbon, containing not parchment, but paper, and with the endorsement, "Letters from and concerning my dear sister Penelope. F. C." They dated onwards from the year 1680, and a reference to the Peerage and Baronetage made it clear who were the writers.

It appeared that the Ladies Penelope and Frances Bernard were the co-heiresses of the Earl of St. Giles, who had come into possession of Ballymore by his marriage with the only daughter of an old Cromwellian general, named Blackmore, the same who had nearly exterminated the aboriginal Irish of the estate, and supplied their place with the staunch Protestant Scottish tenantry, whose descendants thrive there still. The portrait of the Lady Penelope hangs in the dining-room, and she appears a very unpromising heroine, small, pale, and sandyhaired. Sir Peter Lely has set her up as a shepherdess, in blue satin and pearls, in which she looks bleak, prim, and shrinking, pulling a scarf tightly over her somewhat low bodice, with a thin, skinny arm, not at all meant for such exposure. Dark, bright-eyed

Lady Frances, looking arch under her nutbrown curls, would be a more desirable ancestress, but unluckily she seems to have had no children. The topmost of the letters in the packet was a sheet closely written, with parting advice from the Countess of St. Giles to her two daughters. They were born in 1663 and 1665, and she died in 1680, bequeathing them much earnest and excellent advice, with a very Puritan sound in it. Penelope had, it appears, been for years past contracted to Mr. Thomas Danvers. the only son of a wealthy baronet highly esteemed by her father, and the good lady's advice is chiefly directed to her conduct in the "Married State,"—as she calls it. Wise, true, and good, much of it is, but it is curious how the husband is assumed to be no cooperator, but an external authority, whose

mandates are likely to be rather for evil than for good. In Lady St. Giles's view, marriage was evidently for the wife a sort of Babylonish captivity, to be dealt with on the principle of obedience in things lawful and indifferent. Elaborate rules are given for the employment of the day, hours of devotion, hours of charity, hours of housewifery, hours of study, hours of needlework, hours of religious instruction to ignorant servants, and withal stringent warnings against dissipation and Court habits. carried into society by compulsion of father or husband, all "unnecessary Words or Looks must be avoided." "Eyes must be kept fixed upon the Ground;" and if forced to dance, it must be in "a Grave and Recollected Manner." Or, at "a Theatre." if forced to be present there by the husband's will, or Court requirements, a devout book had better be carried within the playbill, to keep both eyes and ears from what might be passing on the stage. "Should any "Gallant address you, reply with due Cour-"tesy, make a low Reverence, with Eyes "downcast, and take Care to show him that "his Attentions are disagreeable to you."

Poor Penelope's portrait looks as if such precautions would, in her case, be as superfluous as if the fabulous owlets had tried to guard against the blandishments of the eagle; but it is impossible not to feel great compassion and sympathy for the strictly religious mother, obliged to leave her daughters without guidance in the Court of Charles II. where, no doubt, she had preserved her own innocence by such precautions as these.

Apparently the young ladies continued to

live in the country with their grandmother, old Mrs. Blackmore, the Parliamentary general's widow, for the only letters extant are some formal ones to their "honoured Lord and Father," informing him of their studies, occasionally asking for books or articles of dress from London, or reporting on the health of Penelope, who was always a great sufferer from asthma.

In the meantime, her intended father-inlaw died, and his son appears to have been in no haste to fulfil the contract. He was born in 1656, so as to be seven years older than his betrothed, and he was "taking his Swing as a Young Man," as Lord St. Giles terms it, in a letter to old Mrs. Blackmore, desiring that his daughters may be sent to London, fitly attended, in order that Pen's marriage may immediately take place. This was in the early spring of 1683, when the two girls were nearly twenty and eighteen. Lady Frances was the first to write to her grandmother, giving her impression of her sister's future husband.

" My Lord brought Sir Thomas Danvers "to Dinner Yesterday Afternoon, without " notice, and poor Pen was so greatly dashed "at the Suddenness of the Thing that she " durst scarcely lift up her Head, nor open her "Lips, and scarcely ate a Morsel all Dinner-"time: indeed, she was beholden to me for " using my Eyes sufficiently to be able to tell " her that he is a comely-looking Man enough, " of a stout Build for his Years, of a quick " Eye and ruddy Cheek, but with the air of "a clownish Country Squire, rather than of. "a Gentleman of Birth and Breeding. He " made for her with a Sound like a Laugh,

"saying, 'Well, my Lady, so you and I are " to be Sweethearts;' and when she merely " made him a low Reverence, and never " offered him her Cheek, as he was familiar " enough to expect, he fell back, and spoke "to her not another Word, till he was "going away. Then, his Courage being, "I suppose, heated by the Wine, he came "to her again, laughed out more broadly, "took her by the Hand, and kissed her "heartily, with 'There, Madam, we will be "better Friends yet.' Poor Pen had nearly "wept, for which my Father rated her, "saying that she was proud and pert, and " much that was so hard that she wept the "more in our own Chamber, and heartily " wished herself at Home once more. More-" over, if what Madam Belmont tells us be " true, Sir Thomas has led a very debauched

" Life, both here and in his own County of "Somerset; but she says it is so with all "Young Men in these Godless Days, and "especially among those Sons of the Malig-"nants who now begin to be called Tories, "and that my Sister may thank Heaven "that Sir Thomas is kindly-natured and "generous. It seems to me, though, that "we poor Ladies are in Evil Case, and "have far less choice of our Mates than "Bet and Sue the Milkmaids; and I bless "my Stars that, my poor little Lord dying "when he did, there is no Contract yet on "Foot for me. Methinks I can so deal "with my Father and my Suitor, that none "shall have me unless I be better pleased "than poor Pen hath cause to be."

From Lady Frances's first impressions we proceeded to a study of Sir Thomas's portrait.

Everyone has seen the like: the red, coarse double-chinned visage, an unmeaning thick pair of lips, and big black eyes, all enclosed within an enormous curled wig flowing over the shoulders of a grey coat, faced with scarlet; by no artist of name, moreover, and so badly painted, that except as a record of an ancestor, no one could have let it disfigure the walls. Nothing could have looked worse matched than the big coarse-looking man, and the prim, pale, fragile girl; and the principles must have matched quite as ill, for the Danverses were hot-headed Cavaliers and High-Churchmen, while the Ladies Bernard were evidently brought up under the strong Puritan influence of the Cromwellian General's widow. Their father was in name a Whig, but was a discreet trimmer of his sails, and probably this connexion with such a family as the Danverses was with a view to securing favour under the Restoration.

The indignation of our American Fanny Danvers, at finding no appearance of resistance, was most amusing. She was thankful that she bore the name of the sister who had a little sense and spirit; she was ready to disown Lady Penelope for an ancestress; nay, she would almost have given over the researches into the history of so slavish a creature, had not Lady Danvers ingeniously suggested that perhaps all Penelope's appeals and entreaties had been destroyed. I believed no such thing. Obedience to a parent's choice was regarded as a paramount duty, and there is not so much as a hint of any objection raised by Penelope. There is not even a letter descriptive of the marriage,

which, the pedigrees say, took place on the 20th of December, 1682. No doubt some near friend of Mrs. Blackmore was present, and took the report of the splendours of the wedding. The young people continued to reside at Lord St. Giles's mansion in town, and there, apparently, Sir Thomas's first shyness gave way, and his manners became more unpleasant.

Frances tells her grandmother, in the first week of 1683, that he has shown himself "rude, coarse, and intolerable in his Familiarity;" and that when he came in "flustered with Wine," Penelope repelled him "with that Coldness and Dignity that become her so well," he had at first laughed "a brutal sottish Laugh," and then "had become "offended, and sworn at her; and when she "remained unmoved, had shown her a sullen

" Distance, whereof she was very glad. But "that my Lord, her Father, had remarked " the Coolness of their Demeanour, and ques-"tioning her (Frances) on the Cause, she "had told him what Offence her Sister had "received, whereupon he had but laughed "at what he called her Squeamishness, and "cursed his own Folly in leaving his "Daughters to be bred up among peevish " Precisians;" and when she (evidently the favourite child) entreated him to rebuke Sir Thomas and to make peace, he answered that, did he rebuke anyone, "it should be his "daughter Pen, for her fretful Ill-Humour, "and for flouting a good Husband, when " she ought to be only too thankful to him " for noticing a little panting Farthing Rush-"light such as she." Well might Lady Frances exclaim, "Pray for us, dear Grand"mother, for well might you say you were sending us forth into an evil World, like "Lambs among Wolves."

Another fertile cause of offence was evidently Sir Thomas's unmeasured abuse of the Nonconformist divines, and his sympathy with the persecution of the Scottish Covenanters, but there is not much detail on this head, only that Penelope once writes something of "Flesh trembling at the foul "Words that she was forced to hear respect-"ing the Godly." She seems as much as possible to have acted up to her mother's advice, to have refused all Sunday gaieties, and, when taken to any entertainment on any day of the week, to have held as much aloof as possible from conversation, so as to incur the reproach of thinking no one good enough to speak to.

There is a notice, however, of Lady Russell having spoken to her "with infinite grace and sweetness," inquired for her honoured grandmother, and also said, that she remembered Lady St. Giles. But this interview did but increase Penelope's troubles by giving her a strong individual interest in those implicated in the Rye-house Plot, and her openly-displayed grief and indignation at the arrest of Lord Russell and Algernon Sidney must have given great alarm to her father, and offence to her Tory husband. Her letters at this period are repetitions of what history has already told us, pointed with all the anguish of warm present feeling.

It would seem that an entertainment had been appointed to take place at Lord St. Giles's on the very day on which she heard of Lord Russell's condemnation, and that on the tidings "she fell into a Passion of Grief "and Tears before Major Chetwynd and "several other Gentlemen; that she said the "King was unjustly slaughtering a better "Man than himself, and that the old Days "of Persecution and of Bloody Mary were "returning upon the Land." Then, without consulting father or husband, she and her sister took on themselves to despatch billets to all the intended guests, saying that she had heard such ill news as to be too much indisposed to be able to act as hostess.

The domestic storm must have been great, to judge by the scared way in which even high-spirited Frances writes, that their father declares that Pen cannot safely be trusted in London till she had learnt more discretion, and that they were to go to Highbury Danvers so soon as she could safely be moved.

Moreover, Pen had striven to write a letter of condolence and admiration to Lady Russell; but Sir Thomas, coming in and finding what she was about, absolutely forbade her. "My Sister, with her own Meek-"ness, folded her Hands, and said, 'You are "obeyed, Sir, you are my Lord, and I submit "in all Things lawful;' and with an appeal-"ing Look to Heaven, she tore the Letter to "Fragments. But the best Treatment she "received on this was that her Husband "absolutely stamped upon the Floor, and "cursed her, telling her, if she so admired "Lady Russell, she had best follow her "Example a little more. She was a true "Helpmate to her Husband-vile Traitor "that he was — and not an intolerable "Torment, with her sanctimonious Airs. "Whereat our dear Penelope, with her white

"meek Face, and downcast Eyes, simply said, 'She is a happier Woman than I,' and her Look might have melted a Heart of Stone, but it only made him rage the more. He burst out, 'You think so, Madam; well, some Day when your accursed Friends get the upper Hand, you may have your Wish, and bring me to the Gallows; but meanwhile, none of mine shall traffick with Traitors.'"

All Frances hopes is that her sister may be out of town before the "Martyrdom of Lord Russell," a title that the two fair Whigs were all the more bent on giving to his execution after the persecution their sympathy had brought on them. The move had taken place before that 21st of July; for, three days later, Frances dates a letter to her father, telling him that the journey had not taken

more than the week that had been reckoned upon, for there was only one place so miry as to need that oxen should be fetched to assist the horses, and there had been but two overturns, in neither of which her sister had been hurt. Sir Thomas, and his friend Major Chetwynd, had ridden all the way beside the coach, and on no one evening had Sir Thomas shown himself the worse for liquor, and this she attributes to the influence of his companion.

It was evidently time to study the portrait of this same Chetwynd. It turned out to be one that I had hitherto taken for either Marlborough or Claverhouse, for there was the same delicacy and refinement of feature so rare at that period, as well as the military scarlet, and scarf. But if he were only a major of Dragoons, how did Frances obtain the triumph of true love?

There was a great failure of all correspondence just here. Our American Fanny was sure that the brutal husband had put a stop to poor Penelope's writing, as soon as she strove to show that she had any will save his, but the cause became apparent by a reference to the genealogy, by which it appeared that old Mrs. Blackmore died in the winter of 1683-4, and not improbably her grand-daughters were with her, and together.

When the letters are resumed, in the summer of 1684, Frances is in London with her father, apparently somewhat out of favour with him, and no wonder, for she mentions suitors, at different times, whom she appears to dispose of after her own will. "I made "such good use of my Fan that he could not "choose but see that I would never willingly "look at him." "I trust that my Demeanour

" taught my Lord to fear whether he might "find a Grey Mare in his Stable." And then, again: "Dear Sister, would that I "might come down to see you and your "little Son. I made it my most earnest "Entreaty that I might go down under "Sir Thomas's Escort, but I had but a sour "Look, and an Answer that would I but "learn my Duty and take the young Lord "I might go whither I pleased, but I was "not to be going down to Highbury to be " confirmed in Contumaciousness, and to meet "all the debauched young Officers of the "Garrison at Bristol. Whereat I told him that " I knew whom he meant, and that the fair " Epithet he had made use of applied better " to the Son-in-law he had already than to "any I should be like to give him." This was pretty well to write to that Sonin-law's wife, but the loveless marriage was treated unreservedly enough between the sisters, and Lady Penelope's own letters were at this time chiefly taken up with the ailments of her little sickly child, and his father's indifference to them, and with other household troubles, caused chiefly by the interference of Sir Thomas's rollicking, disorderly men-servants, grooms, and huntsmen with the "Godly Discipline" she strove to establish among her maidens, with the assistance of her own woman, Mistress Wordin-Season Worth, the elderly daughter of an ejected Nonconformist minister. The chaplain, Mr. Basildon, she had begun by pronouncing "a pious man, but a rank Arminian;" however, the assistance and support she derived from him in dealing with her domestic difficulties seemed to be

gaining her respect at least. She seems to have been infinitely relieved when Sir Thomas went up to attend his duties in Parliament, and left her to her solitude with her child, on whom all her affection was expending itself, and it is piteous to find her writing that her term of peace was nearly over, when she began to expect his return. Before that, however, Frances had written a joyous letter announcing that "he " had a Regiment of his own, and she knew "well by whose Interest it was." Then comes another letter: "No, my sweet Pen, "never more will I hear a Word against "your Husband. To me he shall ever be "the most disinterested and generous of " Men. Yesterday he was closeted with my "Father for I know not how long, but the "vpshot is this, that he persuaded my

"Father that he having his own English "Estates, besides your Irish Property, and " being resolved not to lose his own Honour-"able name in any Title, it would be more "to the Glory and Permanence of the "Bernard and St. Giles, to endow me " with the St. Giles's Inheritance, and wed " me to one whose Name and Rank would " not be a hindrance to his obtaining a fresh " Creation. How he wrought with my Father, "I know not, but thus it is; and that same "Evening, the dear good Man,—for such " he is, and such shall I ever uphold him,— "came up to me saying he had a Colonel " of Dragoons to present to me, and there, " stately and beautiful more than ever, was " standing and bowing he whom I now dare "term my own. After that what if your "Good-man did trip and stagger somewhat

"after the drinking of our Healths, shall "he not for ever and a Day be a good " Man to me? For, Thanks to him, sweet "Sister, my Lord hath gone so forward in " this Matter that he cannot now retract, or "if he should try to do so, enough has " passed between my dearest Love and me " to make me able to bear any Persecution "rather than break my Pledge. Sister, "would that I could tell you how dear and "true and excellent he is. Would that you "could be as blessed as I, and had one "whom you could love as I love him. Nay, "but what am I wishing? But for Sir "Thomas, he were not mine.—My prayer "then must be that you should love Sir "Thomas as I love my Colonel. And may "we pray for what seems past Possibility? " Methinks this is running into Profaneness,

"so I will have done, but in Truth I know "not what to wish. I could wish my Love "were less staunch in his Protestant Prin"ciples, that so he might win my Father's "Favour by getting Promotion at Court, "and so our Happiness might be sooner brought about. But then he would not be the upright Man he is. In good Sooth, "I know not what to wish, save that all "the World, and you above all, sweet Sister, "were as happy as is

"Your loving Sister,
"Frances Bernard."

The new Colonel went down to Highbury Danvers with Sir Thomas; and though Frances was not allowed to go too, yet there is a preserve of billets, in which they term each other "Sweetest Heart," "Mine own honoured Love," "My dearest Life," into which latter commencement the gentleman settled down for the rest of married life. His visit could not have been a cheerful one, even at the first, for he tells Frances that her sister looked sadly ill and moped, but refuses all endeavours to bring her more out, and disdains the country sports and neighbours. He trusts that "his dearest Life" will convince her that her Strictness is unadvised, and so far from recommending her Religion, drives her husband into worse Company and greater Excesses than he would ever seek after, if she did not shut herself up, and hold aloof from all innocent Mirth and Pastime. "And yet," concludes the good Colonel, "it seems profane to write " even thus much Blame of one whose very "Look is so pure and holy, so suffering

"and resigned, as one detached from this "World. Were she only a little less of the "Angel, or he a little less of the Clown, there "might be better hope for both; but as it is, "I see him for ever offending and grieving her on the one side by his Licence, and she repelling and displeasing him by her "Sadness and Severity, and yet I cannot but love his many good Parts, as much as "I esteem her many Christian Graces, till "I long to set them at one again."

Good Colonel Chetwynd was to see worse things than these. The poor little son and heir died when scarcely a year old, and he gives a terrible account of the scene that ensued. The child had been ailing from his birth, and Lady Penelope's cares and fears had been so unremitting, that they had become a weariness to her husband, and little regard was paid to her anxieties; and thus it was that, in spite of warnings and alarms, Sir Thomas was entertaining his boon companions at supper, and was in the midst of noisy mirth and revelry, at the moment when the child was struggling in the last fatal convulsion.

Colonel Chetwynd (probably the only sober person present) was summoned to the door of the hall by the chaplain, and informed of the state of things. "I should have done well to withhold your Brother-in-law," he owns in his letter; "but even if I had had the Power, I had not the Right." It is easy to see what it must have been, when Sir Thomas, hot from his debauch, half-sobered but wholly disordered, with dress out of order, and steps reeling as much from the shock as from the liquor, came stumbling

into the calm still chamber, with the hush and holiness of death upon it; and where, pale and cold, the mother sat with the babe on her lap, not yet realizing that the anguish was over, and that infinite calm was soothing her little one. This we gather from Colonel Chetwynd's words. "I attended him to the "Door, and even then would have drawn " him back, for the Air of the Chamber and " the Quiet thereof was like that of a Church, " and your Sister sat like a Figure beside a " Monument till he came near her, speaking "thick and stammering, so that I know not " what he would have said; but she at once " started to her Feet, shuddering as it were " with Horror, and holding her Infant to her " Bosom with one Hand, and stretching forth "the other as to defend it, she cried aloud, "'How, Sir, do you come hither in your

"Cups to insult the Child that you never " heeded?' In his Amazement at her Pas-" sion and his own Disorder, an Oath came "readiest to poor Danvers's lips, as though "the very Devil had put it there to make "further Estrangement, and ere it was well "spoken, my Lady cut him short. "away, Sir. Defile not this holy Presence. "This is no more your Heir and Firstborn, "Sir, for you to ruin, both Body and Soul. "He is God's Angel and mine: God has " kept him wholly mine, and taken him from "you and your Corruptions, and I thank "Him for it. Come not near, he is all "mine now.' And, while she spake these "terrible Words, she swept from the Room; "while Danvers, after staring like one "astounded, was again, I think, prompted "by the Devil to burst into a loud noisy "Laugh ere he flung himself out of the "Room. She must have heard it, the poor " Lady; and after it, the Parson and I labour " in vain to make her hear of the Anguish " of Tears wherewith her Husband bewailed " his Child, when we had got him to his own "Room. She replies, and with Truth enough, "that these were Tears of a Man in Liquor; "but could she but perceive how stricken "and woe-begone he is, she would surely "have Pity for him. She distrusts both "Mr. Basildon and myself as his partial " Friends, and truly she seems so entirely " to derive her Comfort by dwelling solely " on her Child's Heavenly Bliss, that it is a " Cruelty passing the Powers of either of us, " to recall her to Earth again by the Thought " of what so distresses her. I fear me, how-" ever, that this Affliction, so far from bringing "them together, hath severed them further than ever."

Penelope herself only writes: "It has "pleased my good LORD of His Mercy "to call my Babe to Himself. You will "have heard, dear Sister, that my unhappy " Husband so behaved himself as to turn "my Sorrow into Consolation that I can "never see my Innocent Lamb become " such an One, which Thought must content "me in being a Wife and Mother most "desolate. If one should ask me, 'Is it "well with the Child?' I could answer "from the Fulness of my Heart, 'It is well.'" And therewith the poor lady falls into a mother's natural recapitulation of her child's pretty ways and looks, and dawnings of intelligence, with a piteous tenderness and resignation. Mr. Chetwynd is very good to

her, she says, and adds that, "be your Lot "what it may, my sweet Frank, you will "be a happier Woman than your Sister."

The unfortunate parents seem to have coldly met and gone to church together and afterwards dined together, on the Sunday after the funeral, and the next day Sir Thomas and Colonel Chetwynd returned to London. Frances laments the being prevented from coming to her sister, by her father's command, and by her own appointment to be maid of honour to the new Queen; for the death of Charles II. and the accession of his brother had taken place unnoticed by the correspondence, and Sir Thomas had been re-elected for his borough, and gone to take his place in James II.'s Parliament. He continued for some months in town, apparently leading his old life, as

a gay bachelor, and probably in very extravagant company; but the Colonel must have taught Frances to be more tolerant, for she is far less apt to drop hints to his discredit than is her sister.

Penelope writes that she feels greatly calmed and relieved by the quiet of Highbury. In his absence, she walks in the garden, attends to the wants of the poor, and teaches the children their catechism. Five come to her by turns after church on Sundays, and always have their dinner afterwards, and the more ignorant of the servants come to her in rotation to be instructed in the first truths of Christianity. "It may be," she says, "that but for such "humble Endeavours, the last Sparks of true "Religion will be extinguished by Popery;" for she is filled with anxiety by the newsletters that come to her twice a week, and she was almost drawn off from her private griefs by a burning desire that the cause of religion and liberty, as she says, should be vindicated. All her zeal, however, had not prepared us for the ensuing letter:—

## "HIGHBURY DANVERS, June 19th, 1685.

"MINE OWN DEAR FRANK,—I would that "you had been with me to have aided me "in paying Honour to the gallant Prince "who has staked his very Life to maintain "our Country's Laws, and our true and holy "Religion; but no doubt you likewise will "soon be hailing him as your Deliverer from "the Popish Usurper whom you are at pre-"sent forced to serve. Indeed, I hope what "I have done may be of service to you, for "the Names that I mentioned were most

"graciously heard, and writ down, by express "command, in Lord Gray's Tablets. But to "my Story:—

"On the 17th of this Month, as we rose "from Prayers, which I was reading, Mr. "Basildon being gone to Bath on Business "with the Bishop, who should ride up to "the Door but Mr. Holroyd, whom you "must remember as from Time to Time visit-"ing my Grandmother. He asked first whe-"ther Sir Thomas were within, but hearing "that he was absent, desired to see me. "Then he said that, learning that his ho-"noured Friend's Grand-daughter was here "resident, he had made his Way in Advance, "so soon as the Line of March had been "fixed, to tell me that if we locked our Gates "and gave our Keepers the Papers of Pro-"tection he would write for me, sending

"also Plenty of good Fare to regale the "Troops in the Village, neither I nor any of "my People should suffer any Molestation. "Then it was that I first understood that "it was true that the Duke of Monmouth "had landed at Lyme Regis, as had "been reported, and that he has been "joined by all the Country round, rejoicing to "see a Door opened for the Maintenance "of the true Protestant Faith. Mr. Hol-"royd assures me that the Duke, or more "truly the King, hath the most irrefragable "Proofs of the late King, his Father's, Mar-"riage with Mrs. Waters; so that even "my Husband, Stickler for Divine Right "though he be, cannot gainsay that here we " have our true and lawful Sovereign. Our "good Friend, being aware of Sir Thomas's " Tory Principles, had come hither to secure

" me from Alarm or Annoyance, to which " I answered, as well you may believe, that " I should scorn myself did I fear Aught "from the Supporters of the pure Faith, "and of true Liberty; and that rather than "lock my Gates, and shrink out of the Way " for Fear, I would add my poor Voice to " the general Acclaim of the true and lawful " Defender of his Rights and ours. Then, "said Mr. Holroyd, he might understand "that I would not object to testify my "Sentiments, if his Highness should ride "this Way; to which I could not but reply, "that I should deem myself highly honoured " should he condescend to favour my House "with his Presence, and thereupon it ap-" peared that the March would bring him "this Way shortly after Noon, and thus, "that it might consort well with his Move-

"ments, to take his Dinner here, and ride " on to Taunton to Supper. You can well " believe what Baking, Roasting, and Boiling "began; with how excellent a Will our good "Mrs. Worth toiled at Pastry and Jellies, "and how I myself went from Hall to " Chamber, decking them with green Boughs "and Roses, and filling Beau Pots with "Flowers for the Table. Old Hazlitt, the "Steward, was at first froward, doubting "whether his Honour would not mislike "such Doings in his Absence; but when I " showed him that the Duke is our only true "and legitimate Sovereign, and that our "Welcome would smoothe the Way for Sir "Thomas's Reconciliation, his Face cleared "up, and he gave his hearty Aid, even "going down to cause the Church Bells to "be rung, as they were, he says, on the "Restoration Day, and a better Restoration, "do I trust, that this will be. After all our " Haste, we had more Time than enough. "I drew up the little Daughters of the "Steward and Bailiff, dressed in White for "the Nonce, with Baskets of Roses and "white Lilies, to strew on the Steps of the "grand Entry; and I myself for that Day " put off my Mourning, and arrayed myself "in the Sky-blue and Silver Suit that you " were wont to love to see me in. But we "waited even till Four o'clock before the "Bells began, and then we heard the "Trumpets, and at last the Duke, or his " Majesty, as we now rightly style him, rode "through the Gateway, attended by Lord "Gray, Mr. Fletcher of Saltoun, Mr. Hol-"royd, and other gentlemen. I stood at "the Head of the Steps, with my Women

" behind me, the Men on either side in the "Court ready to raise a Hurrah; the little "Maidens were ranged with their Backs "against the Balustrade, and old Hazlitt "stood ready to hold the Duke's Horse. "I am sorry to say, however, that the "Hurrah was far less hearty than I could "have wished, being, moreover, well-nigh "drowned in the Bayings of Sir Thomas's "Great Hound, Rockwood, who, though " ordinarily well-natured to all save Beggars "and Vagabonds, now put me to Shame "and Pain, by barking and yelling, as I "never heard, save on the Night of my " Affliction. And as the Duke ascended the "Steps, the Brute growled, and had not the "Grooms withheld him by Force, I verily " believe he would have been at his Throat, " when he did me the Honour to raise me

"from the Ground and kiss my Forehead. " Also the Children, though well-instructed, " became awkward at the Moment, and let "fly their Posies rather at his Majesty's "Head than his Feet, so that one large "white Lily smote him on the Cheek, and "left a long yellow Smear athwart it. He " treated all, however, with an infinite Merry "Grace, reminding me of Tales I have "heard my Father tell of the late King, "whom he much resembles, though he is "far better favoured. I had seen him before, "but never spoken with him; and he, with "that ready Recollection that I have heard " called the Gift of Kings, knew me perfectly, "asked for you, and said that he knew that "Colonel Chetwynd's Heart would be with "his Cause; though the Point of Honour, "that none respected more than he, might

" prevent him from declaring himself. "spoke warmly of the wondrous Favour "that Heaven has everywhere vouchsafed "him in the Sight of the People, and is " evidently a truly religious and Protestant " Prince, marked out by Nature, as by Grace, " for the Throne that I trust will soon be " won by him. I could tell you much of his "Condescension, but Time fails me, and I " will only say that he would have me dine " at the Head of the Table, he sitting on my "Right Hand, conversing familiarly on the "State of the Country. The Meal was, of " necessity, hurried, not to baulk the expec-"tations of the good Folk of Taunton, but "I was able to procure his Assurance of "Favour and Protection for my Husband, "my Father, and the Colonel. In Truth, "the Proofs of his Birth that he sets forth

" are so manifest that none can chuse but "acknowledge them; and thus, once more, " may we trust to see good Days brought "back to our Country and our Faith. I " well believe there will soon be an Accom-" modation without any actual Warfare, for "no true Englishman can draw his Sword "against such a Prince as this. I send this " Letter by one of the Servants, who likewise "bears another to my Husband, to inform "him of the Duke's most gracious Assur-"ance, that if no overt Act be performed in "Resistance, he may rest secure of Safety, "both for Person and Estate, and thus, I " trust, I have at least done him one Service. " And so, praying Heaven to protect both " yourself and all whom you love, I rest for "the present,-Your loving Sister,

"PENELOPE DANVERS."

Her letter to her husband is not extant, and indeed he probably never received it; for two days later (before the battle of Sedgmoor was fought) he made his appearance at home, having made his way thither by by-roads, apparently to collect his tenants as volunteers for King James's army.

In feeble characters, as though she had been severely shaken, and were still suffering from some great shock, Penelope's letter of the 21st of June narrates that her husband had returned more wrathful and passionate than ever she had thought to see man, and had demanded whether it had been of her own free will, as the servants insolently reported, that she had received and banquetted rebels in his house. "In a low "Voice, that my Terror scarce allowed me "to keep steady, I replied that it was ever

"my free Will to offer my poor Services in the Cause of Religion and Virtue."

Then it is plain that Sir Thomas's indignation knew no bounds: he stormed at her with unbridled rage, and considering what a handle she had given the stout Tory by pronouncing the profligate Monmouth the champion of religion and virtue, no wonder if his abuse of him, at least, was as coarse as it was violent; while Penelope sat before him, white and trembling indeed, but neither shedding a tear nor uttering a word of penitence, and no doubt enraging him more by almost putting him in the wrong, by comporting herself so like a martyr.\* She says, however, nothing more

<sup>\*</sup> Indeed, Sir Bernard pronounced her an intolerable woman, whom he should certainly have horsewhipped, which Fanny declared to be a convincing proof of the barbarism of the elder hemisphere!

than that, weak as she was, she trusts that neither by tear nor word did she betray her principles of silence and meekness, under the whole storm of vile and scurrilous language that she cannot repeat—but by which he worked himself up, at length, into swearing that his father's loyal house should no longer shelter one who had harboured within it a vile parricide and traitor, and that he was glad of the loss of their only child, rather than have him bred up by his mother to be a canting, hypocritical rebel and traitor. "And here, dear Sister, a "Swoon saved me from hearing more; and "when I came to myself, only Worth was "with me, and I was lying on my Bed." "Worth tells me that Sir Thomas had " placed me there before he called her, and "that he lingered in the room, cursing so

"fearfully under his Breath, the good "Woman says, that but for me, she had "not endured it, and that so soon as I "began to recover he left the Chamber "and ran downstairs. Nor have I seen "him since, though it is now Noon-day, "but I hear he is about to set forth this " Afternoon for Lord Feversham's Camp with "Twenty of his Men. Pray God that there " may be an Accommodation. Then how " blessed will it be to have been the Means " of saving him, and letting his Rescue, "through my Intercession, be the Requital " of this dreadful Evening. I am suffering, "and much shaken this Day, as you may well " believe, but I think there will be no further "ill Effects, and the Trust in the Triumph of "Truth, and in the Pardon I have gained for "him, holds me up and gives me Strength."

That strength must have failed Penelope when the cause to which she had given her hopes so signally failed on the 5th of July. Probably she was too much dispirited to write, for there is nothing of hers till the 10th of July, when she writes:—

"MY DEAR SISTER,—Old Hazlitt will, for very Pity, let you have this Letter, if he can, and mayhap it may enable my Father or Colonel Chetwynd to trace me out, and come to my Rescue. Whither I am going I know not, but towards six o'clock this Evening, my Husband came Home, miry and heated, and coming without ceremony into my Apartments, bade my Clothes to be packed, and myself to be ready by Midmight for a long Journey, taking with me two Women, whomsoever I would. His Face was set as Iron, and I saw that

"Words would be vain, even if my Mind "were not set to obey him in all Things "not unlawful; so I merely answered, 'I "will be ready, Sir,' and strove to hush "Worth, when she would have objected the "Danger to my Health; but she, as you "know, loves me too well to be easily " silenced, and she spake her mind with her "usual Freedom, to which he only replied, "'Your Lady has made it necessary. You " will be ready, Madam,' then turned on his "Heel and left us. He is in no Rage as "before, and used no foul Words, but I " perceive that he has some fixed and deadly "Purpose, in Accordance with the Oath he "swore, that this House should no longer "harbour me. My good Worth will never " leave me, and all the other poor Maids "have been sobbing round me, but they

"are every one afraid to go; and it is to
"Worth alone that I dare trust, therefore
"I have taken Leave of them—the poor
"Good Girls, with their Wages and Gifts
"besides. Whatever betide me, you know
"that I love you, dear Sister; and should
"I, as I expect, be mewed in some lonely
"Tower to die in foreign Parts, I know
"that you and your good Colonel will never
"rest till you have done your best for your
"unhappy Sister,

"P. D."

## "BRISTOL CHANNEL, July 11th.

"MY DEAR SISTER,—It is as I feared; we are already on board Ship to be taken out of the Country, to some Place where, no doubt, Sir Thomas hopes to work his Will, and bend mine by Violence, far from

"any to whom I can make my Moan. "I was ready, and at my Prayers, in the "Spot in my Chamber where my Child "was taken from me, when he came to "say the Coach was ready. I rose up and "silently moved on; he took the Ends of "my Fingers, and led me down the Stairs, "across the Hall, and to the Coach. He "shut me in with Worth, and rode on "Horseback, with his twenty Troopers, all " armed to the Teeth, as I could see in the "Twilight of the Summer Night. We "scarcely halted, even to bait the Horses, "and by early Morn came into the City of "Bristol, where the Gates were watched "by Train Bands, who gave Entrance at "Sight of his Papers. We drove straight "down to the Wharf, and there young " Hazlitt came up and had Speech with

"him. I saw him hand out a heavy Bag, "as if of Gold, and then, coming to the "Window, he said, 'Now, my Lady,'-"opened the Door and handed me out. "Says I, 'Whither do you take me, Sir?' "and he, 'To Ireland, Madam. It cannot "be helped. It will be the better for us "all if you take it quietly." 'I am so taking "it,' I answered, for I would not have him "think me like to resist my lawful Master "and Husband, by creating a Pother in the " Public Streets \*—but my Throat swelled so "that I could hardly speak. Only, I gave "him my Hand, and I thought he looked "at me not unkindly, but with a sort of "Tenderness, as though he would have re-"lented, were he not too proud and stubborn "to go back from his Will and Word. He

<sup>\* &</sup>quot;Why not?" said Fanny.

" seated me in the Boat, wrapped me up "warmly from the chill Morning Air, and "sat down at the other End, with his Dog "Rockwood at his Feet, drawing his Cloak " over his Face so that I could not see it, " or guess his Mood. We were rowed off " to the Ship, where I am now in the Cabin, "a miserable little Hole, so dark and un-"savoury that Sir Thomas was startled at "the Aspect, and would have made some "Excuse, but I would not attend thereto. "and merely said, 'It would serve the "Purpose,' whereat he bowed; and, telling " me that he should send a Servant home "with Letters, and I might write to my "Sister if I would, he left me. Sure, he "would not let me write if he meant very "badly by me; and this gives me some "Hope. What I chiefly apprehend is his

"becoming a Papist, and endeavouring to force me thereto in that wild Country; but I trust that Heaven will at least give me "Strength to die a Martyr, rather than betray my Faith, and I am less weak in Spirit than in Body. Yet will my Father, I "trust, interfere to save me. Commend me to him, and above all commend me in "your Prayers. And so believe me,

"Your Ever-Loving and Unhappy P. D."

The next letter from the poor lady bears date Castle Ballymore, and is very desolate. Penelope is glad that her father and sister should know where to find her, and writes a hurried billet the day after her landing to tell them that she had spent day and night on deck, not being sick, but unable to breathe in the cabin, and that her husband

had been not ungentle with her, so much so that she could almost think him sorry for his purpose, whatever it might be; but fair it could hardly be, as he would not have brought her to so dreadful a place. "There "is an Inlet of the Sea," says poor Lady Penelope, "closely shut in, as it were, by "two frowning savage Rocks, that seem to "guard it as a very Pirate's Den. The "Sides are frightful Precipices, rugged with "bare Rocks, and partly hidden in tangled "Thickets and dark Trees, and the People " are barefooted, half-clothed, and barbarous "beyond Conception. They received us "with Cries, Shrieks, and Gesticulations, "like Indians on some Savage Island, and "the mere Irishry cannot so much as "speak a Word of English, but have an "uncouth barbarous Jargon of their Own; "and so horrid were their Noises and "Gestures that Sir Thomas constantly "showed his own Dismay by bidding me "not be affrighted, though I trust I gave "him none occasion to mark any Weakness "in me. He would let none of them touch " me, but himself carried me, wading through "the shallow Water to the Landing, then "up the Steep Ascent to the Castle. Cold "Comfort is there, though it could not well " be worse than I looked for, and the People, "though Scots, and mostly brought hither "by my own Grandfather, speak so that "we cannot understand them, and I doubt "whether one of them would stand my " Friend, they all seem so infected with the " Barbarity of the Place. Poor Worth wails " and cries, and says there is not a Christian " to speak to, not a Window Pane whole, not

"a Door that will shut, and that all the "Hangings are torn down, and Sir Thomas "goes from one room to another raging and "fuming with all his wonted Fury of Tongue, " and frightening those who are trying to set "Things in Order by his Passion. "my Part, I sit calm, endeavouring not to " be perturbed, but to leave him to do as he "will, while I remain set to endure sted-"fastly whatever proofs Heaven may have "appointed for my Constancy. My Mortal " Body may be, indeed it is, sorely feeble and "ailing, but I trust to be so supported in " Mind as never to betray the Protestant "Faith, nor your Interests, my dear Sister. " If you should hear of my Death, as may " well be, remember these are my last Words " to you.

They had nearly been her last, for, by the same messenger, Sir Thomas sent a brief note, in vile handwriting and spelling, to announce, through Colonel Chetwynd, to her father and sister, that the next morning she had given birth prematurely to a dead infant. He continues: "She took her "Voige marvellous quiet; mayhap it would "have eased her Heart had she wept and " cried as another Woman might have done, "but she spake no Word of Complainte or "Entrety, nor durst I tell her of the Danger "in which she stood. They tell me she " is in no extraordinare Peril now, needing "only rest. So now to Bisness: For the "stinking Tub that brought us hither, I "had to pay 50 pounds in Gould down, "and give a Bond for as much more. "Here is my Blank for you to fill up as "you will, for a sop to the Bloodhounds,
"only, for God's sake, let them spare my
"poor People. Mine own known Honesty
"should serve, but if not, buy them off,
"though I should starve for it; I am last
"in the Entail. As Things stand, having
"now no Child, I could sell, if means can
"not otherwise be raised, but I would
"rather cut off my Rite Hand. So no
"more from your

## "Grateful and obedient Servant, "Thomas Danvers."

"Well, he does not seem such a wretch after all. He has some feeling for his wife," commented Lady Danvers. "I hope he is not going to persecute her after all. But who are the bloodhounds?"

That question was answered by the yel-

low slip of paper which fell out of the next of Sir Thomas's franks that we opened, containing an account of moneys expended:

"To Colonel Kirk .	•	•	•	•	•	•	£5∞
To his Officers		•					200
To satisfy his Men							150°

This, then, was only a part of the price of poor Penelope's enthusiastic reception of Monmouth. Such was the only means by which her husband, negotiating through Colonel Chetwynd, was able to save his innocent tenantry from expiating her fit of disloyalty under the tender mercies of Kirk and Feversham. Some hint of the intended vengeance upon all the abettors of Monmouth's treason must have been conveyed to him, and have been the cause of his hastily hurrying his wife away; thus probably sparing her from the Bloody As-

size, and possibly from the fate of Alice Lisle. Indeed, his letters show him to have been still quite uncertain whether a warrant might not still follow her to Castle Ballymore; and her father had, in much alarm, gone down into the country, avoiding all that could lead to the suspicion that he had been connected with her escapade. Colonel Chetwynd was left to act for Sir Thomas, and he had to use his utmost influence with Churchill and Feversham before he could even open his communications with the higher powers. He seems to have had to strain every effort, and to pay down gold right and left, to Halifax, Jeffreys, Father Petre, and "The Ladies," before it was intimated that, in consideration of Sir Thomas Danvers's loyalty and past services, his lady's offence should be commuted

and hushed up, for a fine of 10,000/. sum was avowed, but it had been more than doubled by the bribery that achieved it; and as the whole was necessarily to be immediately forthcoming in ready money, Sir Thomas was forced to mortgage his paternal estate, sell large portions, and break up his establishment at Highbury; his own debts during his bachelor days, and still more during the few unfortunate months of licence that followed the death of his child. having contributed to increase his difficulties. So much is gathered from the more formal deeds and letters that are preserved in the more regular parchments of the family; there is very little about it in this packet of familiar correspondence, only in one letter to Colonel Chetwynd, where he is giving orders as to the transport of furniture, pictures, and other property, to Castle Ballymore, and directing that the old servants and retainers should be pensioned off. There are absolutely two large tear blisters on the thick old paper—marks inexpressibly touching, for what suffering must not have wrung them from that rough, jolly, reckless nature!

He must have been bred up on that avowed principle of the 17th century, which condemned the heir to crass ignorance, for his letters have a very illiterate appearance, and must have cost him a world of trouble. It is hard to reconcile our idea of a gentleman with the notion of a man who spelt like a ploughboy, drank like a porter, and swore like a trooper; yet that Sir Thomas had some of the most important essentials of one can hardly be denied after reading his answer to a letter in which Colonel

Chetwynd declares that both he and Lady Frances thought that Lady Penelope's own estates ought to pay the cost of her adventure, and recommending that she and her father should be consulted, since no doubt her feelings would thus be greatly changed towards her husband. He replies:

"To that Proposition I say Nay. I will not expose my King's Shame to One "Whig more than I can help. Nor shall my Wife know what she has cost me. "What she will not yield for Love and Duty shall not be bought for a Price, nor forst by Obligashion. Nor is there any. "Tis a Man's part to save his Wife. She is a rare Creature for Strength and Curage, in her little Body, an, if it was for the Misfortune of both she was given to me, it cannot be helped. She amends slowly,

"and is so languishing that I dare not tell her of all that has past among her Friends, or of the Peril she has been in, tho, thank God and you, that be past. Moreover, when I was mad with her for dabling with Treson, I swore a rash Oath that my Father's Roof should not harbour One who brought a Trator there, and it seems I have been taken at my Word.—So no more of that."

This letter was written in August, and Penelope's recovery must have been very tardy, for it is not till September is half over that there is a letter from her, and she has evidently been secluded from all knowledge of what passed in England. Rather provokingly, there are very few letters from Frances, and it is not clear whether she were prohibited from writing, or whether she

had been warned not to alarm her sister. In this first letter Penelope tells her to believe her to be regaining strength, but slowly, though the sea air agrees with her breath, so that she thinks, save for her heavy heart, she shall soon be in better health than usual. She is in much fear and care as to the fate of the Duke of Monmouth and his friends, but is sure the King cannot be hard with his own nephew, and she hopes Frank will soon send her all particulars. For her own part, it is plain that her husband means to try cajolery and blandishment, for, during her illness, he has had her apartments perfectly repaired, and fitted with her own furniture, pictures, spinnet, and books; so that but for the dismal prospect of rocks and sea from the window she could think herself at Highbury.

In the next she narrates how, after her many inquiries had been turned aside, Mrs. Worth had at last satisfied her as to the fate of the unhappy Monmouth, and from thence had gone on to inform her of the horrors of Feversham's campaign, and Jeffreys' circuit,—horrors that she at first believed to be merely the exaggeration of rumour, so that when Sir Thomas came to pay her his daily visit, she appealed to him to tell her the facts, and let her read the Newsletters, so long withheld.

"He lookt upon me with unusual Gentle"ness, and said, 'Yes, Madam, it is only
"too true that there has been Hellish Work.

"Our own People have scaped, Thanks to
"good Chetwynd, but you had best ask no
"more.' 'But,' I said, 'can even Women
"Ladies, have been haled before the Judge

"and put to a shameful Death?" 'Even so,' "he answered, and then I would know how "I was exempt, to the which he answered, " with a Smile, that he had timely Warning, " and moreover that Money could do much. " I would have him tell me whether it were "for this that he brought me hither so " hastily, and he replied, hanging his Head, "that he would not have done so, could he "have helped it. I demanded wherefore "he told me not the True Cause of our " Journey, and he said that doubting as he "did that we might be pursued, or stopped "at Bristol, he would not terrify me with "the whole Urgency of the Matter. Thus " is it with these Men: He knew not that "I had far rather have known that I was "fleeing from the most Bloodthirsty Foe "for Conscience' sake than have gone in "unspeakable Terror of his Sinister Designs. " If he thus acted merely to save his hei-"nous Purpose, ah me, he succeeded not; "but however that may be, I must to the "end of my days bless God's good Provi-"dence for having saved me from "grievous a Danger. We sat silent for " some Time, and then I, feeling that next " to Providence he had saved me, who had "judged him wrongly, and done little to "merit any Care from him on my Behalf, " made a Motion towards him, and said, 'I "am sorry, Sir, my Zeal gave you so much "Concern and Trouble.' With that, he " caught at my Hands with a sudden Eager-"ness, and said, 'You are sorry, Madam?' "I drew back my Hands, and said, 'I am "sorry for the Inconvenience it has caused "you, Sir. What I repented not when the

" Party triumphed, I will not repent because "they have been cruelly and bloodily "crushed.' He turned up and down the "Chamber, and coming back to me, said, "forcing down as it were the Passion of his "Voice, and quashing a profane Word when "half out of his Lips: 'You have a Spirit " of your own, Madam, and there's Reason " in what you say. Look you, we have both " somewhat to forgive one another. Let us "make a fresh Beginning, and try if we " cannot be more of one Mind for the Future." " Now, it would have been a mere Betraying " of my Principles to have allowed that I "did wrong in upholding the Protestant "Cause, so that I could only bend my Head, " and say, 'I will be submissive to you in all "Things Lawful.' Behold how was I re-"quited. He stamped with his Foot, swore

"a horrid Oath, and cried, 'I had rather "ten Times you raved like a Termagant "than drove me Crazy with this accursed "Submission of yours.' Therewith he " quitted me in Haste, nor have I seen him "since, but I am resolved he shall never " see me wanting in the Duty and Sub-"mission of a Wife, and I am about to " resume my Place in the House and to the " Housewifery as before. Indeed, my Mind " is greatly relieved since I find that there " was cause for this Journey, nor have I any "Fears for my Religion being attacked. " since good Mr. Basildon is expected daily " from England."

Lady Danvers was thoroughly angry with Penelope now, all the more so for Fanny's admiration and sympathy with her; and there was even worse to come, for in a letter shortly after, where she describes the flower-garden that was being laid out for her, and the road that the peasants were working on, that she might take carriage exercise without being shaken and jolted to death, she adds:—" In all this Sir Thomas is "Good-Natured and Kind-Hearted; nay, he " does seem so well pleased if I do but speak "a Wish or utter a Word of Thanks, that " I sometimes fear that for Lack of other " Employment he may take to Love of me; "and truly that would deprive me of all "the little Liberty or Peace I have, so I do " my Part to maintain him in the Indifference "that must needs be the Portion of Beings "mated as we are. All the Happiness is "reserved for my own dear Sister."

"Horrid woman!" said Lady Danvers.
"I only wish he had let Jeffreys do his

worst. Don't let me hear any more about her."

The ensuing letters are chiefly about Penelope's domestic concerns, and her own difficulties, and those of Mrs. Worth, with Irish servants. Sir Thomas is not much mentioned, but he seems to have been driven by her coldness to consort chiefly with the gentry of the neighbourhood, and to have engaged heartily in their sports and uproarious festivities; which were, probably, some degrees wilder than those of his old friends in Somersetshire.

In the spring of 1688, Colonel Chetwynd became a major-general, and Lord St. Giles at last consented to let the marriage take place, having perhaps a presentiment that Whiggery might soon be in the ascendant, since James's measures could not fail to

produce a reaction. Very handsome settlements were made upon Frances, for Sir Thomas was still much out of favour with his father-in-law, who fancied the state of Highbury to be chiefly owing to his extravagance, and would probably have given away even more to the younger daughter but for General Chetwynd's generous scruples. That summer also was eventful at Castle Ballymore, for a living and life-like son was there born, and the father writes:- "My "Lady is doing well. Poor Sole, I trust this " may bring her some Pleasure in Life. It "pitties my very Heart to see her so "mopish and melancholic; there is not such "another Woman for Piety and Patience, " be the other who she may."

She must have improved, for since that letter wherein she professed to be afraid of

his betaking himself to love for her, she had not made one direct complaint of his conduct; and a few days after her child's birth, she yielded in a point that must have cost her something.

The Ballymore tenants were mostly Scots, imported in the Cromwellian days when the native population were almost exterminated; but a few O'Neils and O'Regans had crept back to their old nooks among the rocks, and of course the deadliest chronic fend existed, even as at the present day, when Sir Bernard spends every 1st of July in watching to keep them from each other's throats. In that excited summer, when men's minds were at fever-pitch between the trial of the seven Bishops and the birth of the Prince of Wales, Ireland necessarily reflected. or rather refracted English quarrels, for it

was their continuation in a distorted form: and thus Sir Thomas, riding home into his own valley, found himself dispersing a terrible fight between Scots and Irish, in which a fine young man, named Maurice O'Regan, had been killed, and was being bewailed with overpowering anguish by his young wife, the mother of a babe scarcely older than the little heir of Danvers. Deeply moved, kind-hearted Sir Thomas insisted that the poor woman should be brought to the castle to become foster-mother to his own little son; and Penelope, in the first letter she could write, excuses herself to her sister for having accepted the services of a Roman Catholic and mere Irishwoman, on the plea of obedience to her husband as well as pity for Mab O'Regan; who was moreover a fine, tall, healthy woman, able to speak a little English, and so tender in her ways that little Tom throve as Penelope had never hoped to see a child of hers flourish.

The letters at this most interesting period are, however, scanty. General Chetwynd, ever a conscientious Whig, came, of course, into favour with the Revolution: while Sir Thomas Danvers, with his old-fashioned, unreasoning loyalty, cleaving to the Crown, on however thorny a bush it might hang, plunged headlong into the Tory politics of Ireland, and was as deep as so honest and blundering a man could be, in the counsels of Tyrconnel and Melfort, spending most of his time with them, or in riding hither and thither, to promote the cause. Communication must have been interrupted, for in all the year 1689 there is only one billet from Penelope, and that a very mournful one, to

prepare her sister for hearing no more of her for some time. "For," she says, "I " would hold no Correspondence with those "who must be esteemed as the Enemies " of my Husband's Party. He is assured " of high Command in the Army raised here " for King James, though it may be but in "Name that he is a Leader. I have seen " him only once since Christmas, when he "came Home to see what Men he could " raise, and what ready Money. Methought " he looked careworn and harassed, and he "seemed doubtful of the good Faith and " Honesty of more than One with whom he " had to act, so that I even ventured to say " to him that he should remember that now "he is a Father, he should less freely and " vainly risk his Life, and that the late King " scarce merited from him any very hazardous

"Act of Devotion. But he made answer "that he were a base Villain to let Grudges " of his own diminish the Loyalty due from "every Subject to his King; and as for the "Risk, it must be as Heaven willed it. I "tell you this, dear Sister, that you may " perceive what Manner of Man he truly is, " and how great a Soul of Honour has been " concealed by his Breeding and Demeanour. "Indeed, as to that, he is much changed "from the Rudeness, whether for Kindness " or Anger, of old Times; he is never un-"gentle with me now, nor have I scarce, " since we came here, seen him in Liquor, " nor heard one of his profane Words, but he " treats me with a grave Distance, as though " I were a Thing he is unhappily bound to " protect, and whose Weakness he respects. "Perhaps if I had not been so opinionated

"at the Time of our Marriage, we might have drawn together, and I might have won him from the Habits in which he is now fixed; but it is too late now, and all I can hope is to bring up my Boy to be a true Joy to him, and pray that he may be spared through these evil Days."

Accordingly, there is no more correspondence till the June of 1690, when James II. with his French and Irish forces was in possession of the South of Ireland; and William of Orange was occupying County Down with his troops. General Chetwynd rode over from head-quarters to Ballymore, and gives the following account of his visit, in a letter to his wife in England:—

"I found your Sister looking stronger and better, and truly do I believe that her

" enforced Residence here has been of much "Benefit to her Health. She seems to have "learnt to love the Place and People, and "her Garden is a fair and pleasant Sight "amid the wild Savagery of the Land-"skip, and the Sluttishness of every other "Demesne I have yet seen in this Country. " Moreover, all say that she and good Mr. " Basildon have done an Infinity of Good, "both to the Bodies and Souls of those " around them. She is, however, now sorely "distressed and full of Fears for her Hus-"band; since, as we long since apprehended, " his strong Principle of what he deems his "Duty, has made him among the most " zealous Supporters of the late King. Our " Forces being interposed between this Place "and the Enemy, she is cut off from all "Intelligence, so that much which I told

"her of Tyrconnel's Movements was News "to her. Her little Son is a fine chubby "Fellow, much resembling his Father, and "full of Health and Life. He refused to " give me a Kiss, because, says he, 'You are "a Whig, and Papa is gone to fight the "Whigs.' I was unadvised enough to say "in jest, 'And what is Mama?' but the "Water at once stood in her Eyes, as she " said, 'Pray, Brother, let not the Child ever "guess at any Difference between us: let "him always find his Son as Single-hearted "as himself.' She asked much after you, "but it is plain that her whole Heart is " much gone out after her Husband, and that " she thinks of little else. Yet in a Conver-" sation I had with the Chaplain, I cannot "find that there had been previously much " Diminution of the Coldness and Constraint

"between them, and he even allowed to me "that he had often thought that Sir Thomas " might have been weaned from many of his "worse Habits, his Intemperance for in-"stance, had she shown herself pleased, or "striven to enliven his Evening when he "came Home sober, instead of treating him "with uniform Indifference, such as some-"times daunted, sometimes offended him. "Yet since he has been absent from Home, "and in Danger, no Wife could be more "full of trembling Anxiety, and it may be " of Remorse. Ah ha! my Frank, do your "perverse Sex even in these Things go by " Contraries?"

The neighbourhood of the English army opened the way to fresh and frequent correspondence between the two sisters, whose husbands were thus engaged on opposite sides. The next matter of interest is, however, the following note, dated on the morning of the 2d of July, that following the battle of the Boyne.

" My Dearest Life,—This is but a frag-" ment to assure you that I am whole and " sound after a hot day's Fighting and com-" plete Victory, for which God be praised. "Credit no rumours of the King's Wound; "it was a meer Scratch, and he is in good " Health and Activity. I would I could say "the same for poor Danvers, but he was " cut down in the Charge of the Irish Horse; " and his Servant Hazlitt, who was taken " just after, has no doubt of his Death, having " seen his Skull cloven by the Sabre of one " of our Dragoons. May be, it is the best " Fate for one of his high Spirit, since his "Cause is utterly lost, and his Party can

"never make Head again; but my Heart aches at the Task before me, for my Horse is even now led round for me to ride with the sore Tidings to your poor Sister. I have received the King's Orders to take the Command of the Troops on the Coast, and shall make my Head-quarters there, hoping thus to protect her from Vexation or Insult. And if the War be ended as quickly as we now hope, it may be that I shall myself bring her Home to you.

## "Your loving Husband, "Richard Chetwynd."

He writes the next day describing poor Penelope's grief. Quickly as he had ridden, report had preceded him; and he found her at the door, saying, "You need not speak, brother; I knew how it would be." "And." he adds, "as I took her Hand and kissed "her Brow, it was as if I touched a Corpse; "and though she does not shed a Tear, there "is a Death-stricken Look on her Face. She " led me into her Chamber, and made me tell "all I had been able to learn of his Death, "and how I have given Orders that the "Remains be sought and honourably brought "hither, and she thanked me calmly. This " Morning I have seen her again, and I fear "there is a Fever in her Manner, so vehe-"mently, poor Lady, doth she urge how "loving and tender he had been to her, and "how generously he had borne with her, "dwelling much on his Conduct in the un-"happy Affair of Monmouth, of which even "then she did not know the Whole, nor " of his Magnanimity towards her and her

"Father. It threw her into an absolute "Transport when I related all to her, but "it failed to make her weep, meerly adding " to the burning Anguish of Remorse that " seems to consume her, and makes her "deem poor, honest, simple Sir Thomas "almost as of a martyred Saint to whose " Patience she was the perpetual Plague. "She says she suffered no Surprise, having " always known that thus it would be, and "she takes Thought for all that is needful, "till I often fear that her Brain can scarcely " bear the Oppression she labours under, but "it may be that the Sight of the Body will "bring Tears. She has just sent me the " Billet that I enclose."

This piteous billet opens by Penelope's telling her sister to render her thanks to her father for having bestowed on her a husband

whose worth so far transcended what she deserved. "It is all ended now," she writes. "My childish Pride and Conceit of myself " blinded me to the Worthiness of that true "Heart: and I was a sore Torment to his " Patience, as well as the Ruin of his Pros-" pects; holding out in my Sullenness even "while he spake no Word of Reproach for "the Evil I had brought on him. He, who " almost struck me to the Earth for Disloyalty " to the King he honoured, never so much " as told me that it had caused the Deso-" lation of his Father's House. Yea, if I had "let him, he would have begun to love me "for the very Harm I had done to him. "And now I can never make up to him. " My folly led him hither among these In-"triguers to perish in their lost Battle; and "what am I but his Murderess? I know "not what I say, dear Sister; but you and "your good Husband, who knew what he "was, still will pity and pray for me, that "in Heaven one Day I may meet him, and "obtain his Pardon. No other Thought can "sustain me, and yet I must live awhile or "his Child will never learn what a Father "he had."

So wrote Penelope on the 3d of July. On the 4th the General writes:—

"This morning your Sister is much changed. Last Night there was silent, heart-stricken Calmness; To-day, there are Tears, Tremblings, Flutterings, Sentences half-spoken, a strange Colour on her Cheek and Lustre in her Eye that Yesterday was so dull and dead. Either it is a strange Passion, or else she has some secret Intel"ligence, but this Despatch may make you

"better informed than I, for I was obliged to say before her that I must not be so much her Brother as the King's Officer, and that if I hear of a Rebel in Concealment my Duty must be done."

Large and well pressed was the black seal to the letter accompanying this, and thus it began:—

"My DEAR AND ONLY SISTER,—You are no Orange Officer, and you may hear of my Joy and Thanksgiving. I have him back, sick, wounded, and in Pain—sore Pain, but knowing me, enduring me, and, as I trust, able to forgive me. Now can I thank God, now can I pray, now can I bear whatever He may send me. He has been more merciful than I deserved, and has accepted my Repentance and Tears of these long Months. I wholly trust He will grant

"my dear Husband's Life; but even at the "worst, I could bear it better now, or at " least I could die in Peace, and Hope, and "Thanksgiving. But he will not die, it is "but a Wound in the Shoulder, and cannot " be Mortal, and the deadly Weakness was "passing even when I came away. I must "not be with him again till Night, and "I dare not speak with your Husband " or any other, lest my Joy should betray "me, and I am shut up in my Closet to " pray and bless God, and to write to you. "Thus it came to pass. I had heard Mr. " Basildon's Prayers, bidden him and the "General Good Night, and betaken me to "my Bed-chamber, most providentially re-"fusing Worth's Offer to sleep with me. " Poor Woman, I cannot well bear the Sight " of her, when I think how ill I have dealt

"in letting her bring evil Reports of my "dear Husband. I said I would have my "Child to sleep with me, for nothing so "quenched my Pain as to hold him to my " Bosom, so I bade Worth send Mab with "him. Poor Worth, she does love me; for " much as she dislikes Mab, she said not one "Word of Murmur. When she was gone, " Mab stole in on tiptoe; and when I looked "for my Boy, she said, with her Finger to "her Lips, 'There's better nor him, the "Darling, for ye, Lady dear;' and then she "told me how her brother-in-law, Feargus "O'Regan, had come to say my dear Hus-"band was at his Cabin, having walked all " the way from the Battle Field where he got " his Wound. They had sent off a Gossoon "for old Sheelah O'Brien, who is said to "be skilful in Wounds, and Feargus came

"hither for Linen, Dressings, Food, and "other Necessaries. So ill did they think " of me, that the O'Regans had been for "leaving me in this cruel Ignorance of my "Husband's case; but Mab knew better. " Heaven bless her, and having sent Feargus " off with what she could lay Hands on at "once, only waited till the House was quiet " and I had parted with Worth, to come to "me for all that was further needed. I " could laugh even now to think how warily "we crept to the Linen Closet, and how, in "repairing to the Larder, I blessed what I " had so often bewailed, the Carelessness of "our Irish Servants; but I am far enough "from Laughing, when I think of my dear "Husband lying in a kind of Cavern, behind "the Cabin, in a sort of Gorge below the "Castle. It is the Place where the Irish

"distill their Whiskey, and is very secure, " but miserable and squalid beyond Imagi-" nation. I could see Nothing at first for the "Fire of Peat that was burning in Front, "but I heard a Groan; and when I came "behind the Smoke, I saw by the dim "Candlelight, my dear Husband held up "in old Regan's arms, while the old Dame "Sheelah was probing the Wound in his "Right Shoulder. He was so spent and "swooning under the Torture that he saw "nothing, and Sheelah knows no English, "so it was only through Mab that I could "hear that she did not despair of him, and "I scarce knew even then whether they "meant what they said, or only sought to " comfort me. When the old Woman ceased "her cruel Work, we made up his Bed with "what we had brought; for before, though "the good Creatures had done their best, "he was lying on Rags unspeakably foul "and loathsome. Then I moistened his "Lips, and bathed his Face with Es-"sences, and he so far revived as to lift "up his Eyes, look at me, and then close "them for very Exhaustion. Mab tells me "his Wound is not dangerous, but either "it is in itself frightfully painful, or the old "Woman made it so: for all the Time I "was there, it rent my Heart to witness "such Suffering. He was so weary and "spent that he was more sleeping than "waking, and scarcely sensible, only con-"stantly turning, writhing, and moaning, " even in his Sleep, as though utterly worn "with very Weariness, yet unable to rest; "and I could do Nothing, but kneel and "pray God to have Pity. Once, just at

" early Morning, he looked into my Face. "and said, 'What are you crying for?'— " for it seems the Tears were running down "my Cheeks, unknown to me. 'At your " Pain,' I answered, and he shut his Eyes, "as though exhausted by the very Look, "and it seemed to me that after that he " slept sounder and moaned less. No sooner " was the Sun risen, than Mab and Feargus "came to fetch me, so that Worth might "find me in my Bed; and when I stooped "over him, and kissed him as he lay, he " put forth a Hand, held me, and gazed up "at me with such Eyes as would be keeping "me there now, if Mab and Feargus had "not almost forced me away. Not till all " is still at Night may I return, and all these "long Hours must he lie with no better "Nurse Tenders than old Sheelah and

"Feargus. The Cut on the Head is not deeper than the Skin, and the Gunshot Wound in the Shoulder reaches no Vital Part. I am assured that there is no Peril save from Fever or Gangrene, which God in His mercy avert."

Here we begged to know whether the place were still remembered where Sir Thomas was hidden. Oh yes; had we not been shown "the Lady's Leap," a favourite walk for those who had no objection to climbing? So, for an afternoon walk, we bent our steps to visit the spot by the very way that poor Lady Penelope must have gone, as Fanny enthusiastically observed; but at this our host laughed, saying, that the present path had been made by his father: it was far wilder when he first remembered it, and was fit for nothing but

boys and goats before the picturesque was invented.

It was a lovely walk, through thicket interspersed with rock, to a sudden descent into a gorge, cloven, as it were, for the course of a little dashing streamlet, which brawled and leapt down to the sea. Rocks, birches. rowans, gorse, heath, fern, and traveller's joy so mantled the sides, that a person unaware of the existence of the chasm, would hardly have found it, even with the guidance of the rustic path partly cut out, partly built up, that led along the side of the precipice, and was quite steep enough to daunt Fanny Danvers, who had little notion of scrambling. However, between helping her, and laughing at her, we got her down at last into the beautiful little ravine, which ran parallel with the lough, and opened to the sea with

a tiny beach of its own, shut in and veiled, as it were, by an enormous mass of rock. fallen from the northern promontory of the lough. Behind, stood—in the midst of rich green pasture and dreary ill-kept arable land—two or three cottages, with a tottering easy-going air about them, and surrounded by horses, cows, pigs, poultry, and children. much as they may have been in Penelope's time. Nothing more secluded could well have been found: the only difficulty was how she ever entered it. There was a more moderate slope on the other side, and a rough cart-track led up the ravine, but to reach this from the Castle would take two or three hours, though the gorge itself was not a quarter of a mile from it.

"Is it the Lady's Lape ye mane, your Honour?" demanded the handsome bare-

footed young wife, who might have sat for Mab O'Regan. "Just there, where ye see the blue stones with the lusmore over them. Yes, me Lady, 'twas there, as I have often heard Tim's grandmother tell, that her grandfather's father brought the Lady down, night after night. He and his sister, Mab O'Regan, handed and lifted her down illigant, from stone to rock, and bush to stone; and she a timid dainty English lady, that scarcely ever put a foot beyont the garden, they say, but she never cried, nor turned giddy, nor seemed to see what a path it was; and how should she, me Lady, for sure wasn't her heart with him that lay below? Yes, sure, your Honour, this is the cave where the gentleman was hid away from the Orangemen, and where the lady tended him all night away from his inimies."

We could realize it better. There was the low-browed cavern, which at that time. as Sir Bernard proved to us by marks of ruins and holes in the face of the rock, had had the cabin built up in front of it, leaning against the cliff. The cave would thus have been an inner chamber to the cabin, and could easily be concealed by closing the opening of communication, and heaping furniture (if there were any) or fodder against it. Probably it was generally open—but what a stifling hole it must have been for tender. asthmatic Penelope, and yet she seems to have heeded it as little as the terrible path, the hunter's clamber, where the tender-hearted faithful Mab and Feargus, climbing catlike with their brave feet, upheld her with their strong arms like the Guardian Angels, who assuredly must have been, about her unseen.

- "Does not this make up for all, Lady Danvers?" ardently asked Fanny.
- "I don't know, my dear. Anyone would have done this—and she had a great deal to make up for."

So we went back with double eagerness to our papers, for, happily for us, Penelope poured out to her sister the feelings she could express to no one else.

"My dear sister will rejoice to hear "that my dearest Heart is much better, "having slept nearly all Yesterday, and "being freer from Pain, though very weak. "When I came to him last Night, he held "out his Hand, and said joyfully, 'Then "it was no Dream;' and when I greeted "him with a Kiss, he said, little guessing "how it pierced my Heart, that now he "could believe in last Night's Embrace,

"the first I had ever given him of my own "Accord. And we have been Seven Years " married! Oh, fie upon me, that I should have " so used him that he thanked me for that "one poor Kiss, and said that all through "this last long Day, between Waking and "Sleeping, he was ever vexing himself to "know whether it were but a precious Dream "that he had seen me tending him and "weeping for him; and the Regans and "Sheelah knowing no English, he could not "ask them, or understand what they said. "He told me that his one Thought was, "he could die content; for ever since the "Day he had seen Mab wailing over her "Husband, he had envied the Man whose "Wife so mourned him; and thus the mere " Sight of those few poor Tears of mine sent " him to sleep in Peace, as though the worst

"Bitterness were passed. As well as I could "I asked his Pardon, but he would not "hear me, and said all that had been over "long ago, and he could not be vexed with "hearing of it. By and by, he told me of "the Manner of his Escape. Of the Battle " he would not speak, so cruelly is he grieved "at the Sight of the Valour and Loyalty "there thrown away by this King, whom " even he allows to be the most ill-advised "that ever sat upon a Throne. He got his "Wound in the first Charge, but heeded it "little while he with the other Mounted "Gentlemen were covering the Retreat, until "he was cut down and ridden over by a " Dragoon; indeed he thinks half the Regi-" ment must have passed over him, So sorely " is he bruised in many places. All this, "however, was while he lay Senseless; and

"when he came to himself, all was still, and he was Alone, save for poor Creatures worse than himself.

"Then the Sound of dropping Shot at a " Distance showed him that the Pursuit must "be now far away, and as he knew it would "be useless to seek for Head-quarters, he "being in no Condition for further Service, "he determined to make the best of his "Way home, before his Hurts should grow "too stiff. He soon came to some of the " poorest Sort of Irish, but he knew he had " nothing to fear from them, when they saw "his White Cockade; and one good Fellow " helped him to his Cabin, bound his Wounds, "and gave him Whiskey, as well as dis-"guised him with one of their long loose "Coats, and, still thinking him in no State " to travel alone, walked five Miles to guide

"him through By-ways, till he could put "him in Charge of another honest Fellow. " Nor would they take any Payment; he has "brought Home his Watch and his Purse " as full as it was before the Battle, but the "good Fellows must be sought out and "Rewarded so soon as it may be done with "Safety to themselves. Thus they brought " him from One to Another, by secret rugged "Ways, mostly along the Shore, till, when " almost close at Home, when his Strength " was quite spent, they found that our House "was occupied by the Enemy (forgive me, " dear Sister, I cannot help it). My poor Sir "Thomas sat down under the Hedge, where " he could see the Lights of the Castle, while " his Friend went to consult with the Regans, " and there he fell into a Swoon, and knew " not how they carried him into the Cavern

"where he must lie some Days longer, and then Heaven knows what next. To this Pass hath my Pride and Sullenness brought me, that my only happy Hours should be in this wretched Cave, and that I should dread nothing so much as my Husband being able to move.

"Nothing did I say? Alas! Your kind "General asked to see me as I writ this. "He came to tell me, without looking me in "the Face, that no Search hath availed to "find the Body, and that Hazlitt is come back to him weeping with Tidings that he "is not with the Rebels. 'Now,' says the "General, with his Eyes on the Ground, "this leaves a Loophole for Hope that he "may be in Concealment; where, I trust "No One will reveal to me, but I came to "tell you that the King will return Thanks

" for his Victory at Dublin on the 9th, and "that if you will meet him at the Door of "St. Patrick's Cathedral, with your little "Son, and present him with a Petition in "our good Danvers's Behalf, your known " Affection to the Protestant Cause will "give him one of those Apologies for "Clemency of which he is never slow to "avail himself, and so would my good "Brother be none the worse.' What could "I do but thank him? and say I would "consider the Matter. Act, I dare not, "without my Husband's Consent: yet how "happy should I be should my past Indis-"cretion become the Means of procuring "his Safety. The General has made the "rough Draft of the Petition, and pro-"mises to go with me, and bring me to "Speech of the Prince of Orange, if I can

"resolve on the Journey. If not, my dear, "dear Husband lies in peril of being shot "by any savage Trooper who finds him; " and even my kind Brother would have no "Choice but deliver him up to the Law, if "he were told where he was. He himself "is all Goodness, and will neither see nor " hear, but he has two Aides-de-Camp, four "Orderlies, and Messengers going and " coming without number; and, moreover, I "have, for my misfortune, filled the House " with English or Scots Servants, who are "all against the Tories; nor is one to be "trusted, save my dear Mab and poor " Hazlitt, whom I have just seen. " is full of Joy, but he thinks the Irish "treacherous, and cannot endure that his " Master should be in their Power. But if "Sir Thomas will only consent to my In"tercession for his Pardon, what happy "Days we may yet have."

"July 7th.—It is as I feared, my dear " Frances. My Husband will not hear of "Intercession being made for him. First "he smiled, and said, Where would be the "Use? for he would soon, please God, be " committing the same Offence, and perhaps " desiring Clemency, not for himself, but for "good Chetwynd. Then I told him what I "had kept from him before, of the King's "Embarkation for France, and the Sur-"render of Drogheda and other Towns; "and that it is thought Kinsale and "Limerick are only held out till the Gen-"tlemen therein can make Terms for their "own Departure to France. He mused at "this, and was much concerned, asking me "after many more Gentlemen than I knew

"the Names of; and when I ventured to "urge that the Cause of King James was "past Hope, and that surely he might "accept Grace from the King whom all "acknowledge, he burst forth with his old "Heat. 'What Right has the Prince of "Orange to pardon me?" and then, as "though overcoming himself, 'Dear Life,' "said he (I love to write the Word), 'I "would pleasure you in all I can, but you " yourself taught me that a good Cause is " none the worse because it fails. I am "sworn to King James, nor can I take " Pardon from any but my rightful Prince, "above all for what I hope to do again. "The Lands being yours, and your Father "living, are safe from Forfeiture, so you "and little Tom need not starve, and you " will teach him to look for me when the

"King has his Own again.' Then, indeed. " I wept, when I understood his fixed Reso-"lution, either to join his Friends in the "South, or slip over to France. He says "he shall soon return with King James, but "I cannot but think, with your Husband, "that this Party is in a desperate State, "and that it will be a long and dreary "Exile. Yet must I plan his Escape, and " pray for it as the chief Good I can now " seek. Still I am full of Gratitude for this "brief Space of Comfort in One Another, "for it would have been Anguish I could "scarce have borne, had he sailed without " seeing him again, with no Remembrance "except of my insufferable Pride and "Coldness. He is much better, and might " almost be out of his Bed, had he a Place " to sit in; and he asked so much after our

"Boy, that this Morning Mab took him "to the Cabin, and though they took Care " to use no Word he could understand, and "he could not know his Father, not having "seen him since he was in Arms, yet I "promise you the little Rogue's Prattle "about the poor Man in the dark Hole " put me to no small Pain; and your good " Husband, after much hemming and cough-"ing, was fain at last to quit the Room. "He is so good to my little Fellow, and " makes so much of him, that he will surely "be a most fond Father; and he will, no "doubt, aid me greatly, if I be left to bring " up my poor little Son as almost an Orphan. "I am concocting Means with Hazlitt for "the Escape that will, indeed, end these "dreadful Apprehensions, but will leave me "Time for Repentance and Heart-Sickness."

"July 9th.—Long before my dear Frank "reads this, my dear Husband will, I trust, "be in all the Safety that an Exile can "have. In two Nights more, the Tide "will serve to run the Pleasure Boat in "hither, and take him on board, whence "we can easily cross to the Isle of Man, "where a trusty Agent is always able to "find Passages to France for Gentlemen "in Trouble. The Boat is a large one, "and he has often been out all Night "fishing in it; we have three good trust-" worthy Rowers besides Hazlitt, and Hazlitt " is well able to dress his Wound, which " is much better, but well you can believe "how sore it is thus to part from him. "My dear Sister will forgive my sending "with him all our Jewels, for I have so "little Money in Hand, that he would be

" much straitened before I could send him "any. He is willing that I should return "to you, according to your Husband's kind "Offer, but you will have to bear with a "poor broken Creature, whose chief En-"deavour must be to teach her Child to "remember his Father. He is again gone "to him To-day, though I greatly dread "what he may say among the Maids, but " Mab never leaves him, and knows how "to give a Turn to his Prattle. She is " very ready-witted, and Heaven forgive me "if I leave her to make monstrous Inven-"tions. Only last Night, she and I were "absolutely seen by a Soldier. I was well "muffled in Mab's red Cloak, Irish fashion, "and crouched out of Sight as best I " might, while she answered his Question, "where she was going, with a long Story

"about her own Child having the Chin-"cough, and her Sister coming to fetch "her, and her stealing out at Night, because "he knew my Lady would be fearful of "her Son catching it—all so like Truth "that my Flesh crept at her Readiness in coining Lies, and my own Endurance of "them: and withal her Manners are so win-"ning, and she has such a cajoling Way "with her, that every one of the Soldiers " is more than half in Love with her, while "she loathes them in Heart; and, I verily "believe, would kill them if she could. "Sir Thomas is mightily pleased with his "Son, and, in spite of the Peril, I have "not the Heart to withhold him, for my "poor Husband has nothing else to divert "him in that dark Den, save good Rock-"wood, who, having once found him, seems

"not to know how to fondle him enough, "and lies by his Side, or presses up to be "caressed by him all Day long. Little "Ellen, too, Tom's foster Sister, gives him "some Amusement, but there is no one "who knows English enough to talk with, " and the Place is so dark that he cannot "see to read the Newsletters I take to "him. Yet I know not whether I dread " or hope the most for the Time he can "leave it. He will soon be in perfect "Health and Strength, and then, among "his old Friends, he will return to his old "Life; and kind as he is now, he will be. " glad to be quit of the peevish sickly Wife, "who has made her Religion unacceptable "to him. Alas! dear Frank, this is but a "Foretaste of the disconsolate Talk I fear "you will hear when I come to you."

"July 10th.

" My DEAR BROTHER,—I write in my "dear Husband's Name as well as my "Own, to thank you with all our Hearts " for your Goodness to us, and entreat you " to do us the further Favour of taking our "poor Child to your Home and your "Heart. I know you and my Sister will "be true Father and Mother to him, and " we trust him confidently to your Goodness, " or I could not leave him. Pardon my " Brevity, you will know all from my Sister. "My Letter to her tells her what has "brought me to this, and I know you well "enough to be sure of your Approbation. "I pray you let the Irish Nurse go with "my poor little Boy to England; and if "she ever must part from him, let it not "be till he has learnt to love his Aunt,

"as he soon will do, and your Goodness to him is a great Comfort to my Heart. I will only say more, that no Person, pledged to your Service or to that of your King, merits Blame for our Escape; that is, if it please God to let it be an Escape. Praying Him to bless you for your infinite Consideration during these Days of Suspense—

"Your loving Sister and obedient Servant,
"Penelope Danvers."

This lesser note was folded separately from the larger packet, which had evidently contained other treasures besides the letter addressed to Lady Frances.

"MINE OWN DEAR SISTER, — I scarce "know what I write, but you must accept "my poor little Boy in the Stead of his

" Mother, and for her Sake I know you "will love him. Heaven knows how long "it may be ere I see his dear Face, yet "I am the happiest Woman on Earth, or "should be, save for this. You will be a " Mother to him, and I fear not, or rather "my Happiness swallows my Grief. Thus "it came about. It was so fair and calm "last Night, that my Husband came, partly "dressed and with his Cloak about him, to "the door of the Hut to meet me, and "we went down to the Sea Shore, and "sat there on a Rock, Hand in Hand, in "the early Dawn. He spoke much, giving " me Directions on all his Affairs; but strive "as I would, I could not fix my Mind so "as to comprehend or remember from one " Moment to another. I could only listen "to the Sound of his Voice, as one listens

"to Musick, and feel how soon I should "hear it no more. By and by it grew "husky, and the Light having grown "stronger, I saw his Eyes full of Tears, "and he broke off what he was saying of "Leases and Mortgages, to say abruptly "that what should comfort him was, that "we should be far better without him, the "Estate might be saved for the Boy, and "I should have my peaceful Household "unbroken. He thanked me, wringing my "very Heart by so doing, for what he "called being so good to him this late "Week, and he said he knew how much "happier I should be without him. This "was past all bearing; I know not what I "said, but I believe I cried out for very " Pain, and flung myself on his Breast, "with Tears and Sobs, telling him how

"he was my only Happiness, and that I "should have besought him to take me "with him, did I not know that I was a "Burthen, without whom he would better "enjoy Life. I can never forget how he "looked me in the Face, and said, 'You "would go with me, Penelope? Thank "God that I can take that with me." "Sister, you can understand how I fell to " begging and praying him to let me go, and "not to leave me behind to my Misery, "and only then it was that we told one "another all. The last Week was nothing "to this blessed Morning when the Light "streaming over the Sea seemed to shine "into our very Hearts. Then I found "that he had loved me ever since the sad "Day when he brought me here. "says it was for my Patience and Con-

"stancy, but I know it was because he "cannot protect and guard without loving. "even as he loves this unhappy King; "but he deemed himself too rude and "harsh for me, and so kept apart and "tried to quench the Pain at his Heart in "Sports and in Politicks; while I held aloof " in the Self-Righteousness that never gave "way, till I began to fear to lose him, and "the Scales fell from my Eyes, so that I "saw his Greatness of Soul, never greater "than in bearing with my Conceit and "Scorn. And the End of it was, that we "both owned that it were worse than "Death to part. He even cried out, 'Ah! "my Lady, were you with me, I need "not fall again into what I have repented " of as I lay in yonder Cavern.' And "then there was no more to hinder us,

"save the Thought of our Child, and his "Fears for my Health. But to the first, "I answered that he is better to me than "ten Sons, and that the General already "loves poor little Tom, and I knew you "would treat him as your own; and to "the other, that where he, a half-recovered, "wounded Man could go, there could I; "and his Love, and Presence, and Pardon " were Life and Health to me, while with-"out him would be Pining and Decay. "After all, he doth but half consent by "Word, but once more I shall be a wilful "Wife, feeling sure that he would be "sorely disappointed if I were not at the "Boat Side at half-past Two to-morrow "Morning. I know your good Husband " will think me the more right in going, as " my dear Sir Thomas is of that generous

" Nature, that I am certain that considera-"tion for me will cause him to be the "less led into those Habits and that Com-"pany which would easily grow on him "if he were alone, with none to care for "but himself. I pray you to tell good Mr. " Basildon that it has grieved me much to "say Nothing to him, and not to bid him "Farewell; but we thought that it might "be for his Safety that he should know "Nothing, and we hope that if we remain "in some settled Place, he may join us "there. Say to him, that I thank him "heartily, and that nothing has so con-"tributed to my present Happiness as his "constant, grave, though indirect Testi-"mony against my past Unwifeliness, never "seeming to see that Aught was amiss, " and ever taking it, as it were, for granted,

"that I was what I ought to be, thus "rendering me ashamed of myself. Have "no Fears for me, dearest Sister, we have "all that we desire in one Another, and "we trust our Child to you, entreating "you to let Mab remain with him so long "as she can bear to be in England, or "Absent from her own little Girl. Be "good to Worth; but it were better to "find her another Situation, than let her "remain to talk to my Boy about his "Father. The good Soul has thought fit "to bring her Needlework into my Cham-"ber, and I am, therefore, constrained to "run on the longer, lest my sending her "away should seem suspicious, while yet "we can make no Preparations before her: " since for very Love to me, and to hinder "me even by Force, I verily think she

"would deem, her Duty done by betraying her Master. I will write so soon as I may safely do so, and tell you of the Agents who can arrange for our Communication; and so Farewell, and God for ever bless you, mine own dearest Sister. And so no more from her who is happier than ever she looked to be—

## " PENELOPE DANVERS."

Yes. No doubt happier than ever she looked to be, as she sat beneath that rugged cliff, where it was so easy to picture her, muffled in the peasant's madder-coloured cloak, clinging to the side of her husband, as they sat hand in hand, under the rock, gilded with lichen and wreathed with ivy, in the pure rosy light of the eastern dawn streaming over the glassy

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summer sea, and shining with new hope on their great peace of mutual new-found love, glorifying these two ordinary common-place beings—the one by the nobleness of self-devoted, self-sacrificing loyalty, even to an unworthy Prince, the other by the might of that great love and trust that launched her fearlessly to share the banishment of him her only Sovereign.

What an embarkation it must have been in the summer night, when the boat kept cautiously to the shore, and in that pure pale silvery twilight, the husband and wife committed themselves to the frail bark and to uncertain wanderings, strong only in faith and love!

"It was calm and still," writes Penelope, in the letter returned by the hand of the faithful Feargus, "the Sea Glow-worms

" shone out like Stars below, and the Waves "made scarce a Plash upon the Rocks. "It was as if our good God had given "us all that could make our Adventure "easy, in Mercy to my dear Husband's "weak State. I had not thought he would "feel it so sorely, but after he had seen "that I was there, and muttered 'Thank "God, this is what Love can do.' he "scarcely spoke, but let Hazlitt and me " place him as we would, and fill the Boat "with the small Baggage Mab and I had "got together. Only when we said Farewell "to our good Mab, and he would have "given her some Charge as to our poor "Boy, his Voice became so choked that he "broke off short. And it so chanced that "just as we came opposite the opening of "our Gulf, where the Castle may be seen,

"the Sun arose, and shining on the Windows "made them all one Blaze of Light, in "which we could see twinkling the very "Nursery Window where I had left my "Child, little dreaming, poor Darling, that "no Mama would answer him. And then "it was that my dear Sir Thomas hid his "Face, and brake into such a Passion of "Tears and Weeping as I never saw the "like, as though it were only then that he "fully knew how he had cast himself loose "from Child, Friends, and Home; but he "held one Arm tight round my Waist all "the Time, and I, unnatural Mother that "I am, could scarce feel a Pang for my " poor Child, so thankful was I that in this "Anguish my Husband was not utterly "alone; and when he could hear me once "more, and gathered himself up, looking

"at me, saying that he was a Fool, for he "had got what was better than Son or "Home or Country, I should have been " Happiness itself had I not known that it "was I that cut him off from the real "Home of his Fathers that he loved. Yet "when I looked around by and by in Mid-"Channel, as our little Boat rose on the "Swell of the heaving Wave, and saw "nothing round but the Sea and Sky, it " was sweet to feel that here we were alone "together in God's Hand, to live or die "together, so much better than when he "was in Battle, not only by himself, but "unknowing of our Love to One Another. " A fresh Breeze sprang up, which enabled "us to sail, and thus we reached Peeltown "about Sun-down, though not till my dear "Husband was so much spent and exhausted

"that he could hardly walk up to the "Lodgings that Hazlitt went on to find "for us. We go by a feigned Name, and "the Agent of whom I told you will wait "a favourable Time, when the Fleet is no "longer in the Channel, for enabling us to "go over to France, with others of the late "King's Party who have taken Refuge here. "Sir Thomas is lying on his Bed while I "write, and even now we overheard what " made us smile. Two Gentlemen, whom "he knows well, are in the next Room, but "they have not seen us, only we heard "them even now say, through the thin "Wainscot of the Partition, 'So I hear " Danvers arrived last night with his Wife.' "' Nay now,' said the Other, 'if there be "a Wife in the case, it is not Danvers's, "for he is wedded to so pestilent and "sanctimonious a Whig that his Outlawry
"will be a very Gladness to him for
"escaping from her.' Truly, Sir Thomas
"has done nothing ever since but chuckle
"at the thought of their Dismay, when at
"Dinner he will present them to me."

Thereupon follow a fresh instalment of motherly injunctions as to her little boy, and further promises of writing from France, but alas! this was the last letter of all the bundle.

Had she forgotten? Had her letters been lost? Alas! there was another reason. Those old genealogies have here and there a tragedy in their driest dates.

"Frances Bernard, b. Sept. 12th, 1665, "m. Nov. 18th, 1688, Richard Chetwynd "(afterwards Knight and Lieut.-General), d. "October 1st, 1690, having issue, Penelope "Frances, b. Sept. 30th, d. October 2d, "1690."

Therefore it was that bright, loving "Frank" had bound up her Sister's letters in that one packet, and had added no more to the pile. How was it with the widower? How was it with the little nephew? How was it with the parents? We thought of the weary, deteriorating time of dangling at the Court of St. Germain, among petty intrigues, mean cares, and sordid dissipation, which formed so sad a conclusion to so much of heroism and devotion. could a man like Sir Thomas, removed from his natural duties and pleasures, resist the temptation? And might not Penelope's generous confidence have resulted in a more saddening life than ever?

The cousins had an answer to this. The

purchase of their present home—Highbury, in Virginia—was known to have taken place in 1693, the year subsequent to the battle of La Hogue, when the Jacobite cause was finally ruined. They knew Mr. Basildon to have been the first minister of the frightful round-arched church that they regarded as nearly as venerable as St. Patrick's Cathedral; and their substantial, well-built house had the Danvers' shield, with the Bernard scutcheon of pretence carved over every gateway and window.

And Sir Bernard Danvers came to our further aid. In an old book of memoirs of one of the lesser luminaries of the Augustan Age, he showed us a letter in which occurred the following sentence:—"I dined "yesterday at Sir Richard Chetwynd's Country House, with a pleasing Company, of

" whom himself was not the least agreeable, "being a Gentleman of excellent Parts and " high Reputation, only his Spirits are greatly "obscured by the early Loss of his Wife, "by all accounts a Lady of great Beauty " and Virtue. He takes, however, infinite "Solace in her young Nephew, the Son of " a Baronet of Jacobite Principles, whom he "has bred up from Infancy, and between "whom and himself there exists such an " Affection that None to see them together "would suppose young Danvers to be other "than a most dutiful Son, or he other than "a tender Parent."

"But did Sir Richard really keep him, then, and poor Penelope never see him again?" was the cry.

"I can find you one other letter," said Sir Bernard, "from no other than Tom himself; but you must observe first, that according to the Genealogy he had a commission in the Dragoons in 1703, when he must have been about fifteen, and was present in all Marlborough's battles,—I believe upon his uncle's staff; and he was a captain by 1712, when this last letter of the series was written."

Everybody was satisfied when the letter turned out to be addressed to Sir Richard Chetwynd, and dated from the American Highbury:—

"I would I had the pen of Mr. Addison," says the youthful Captain, "to describe to "you the Beauty and Peacefulness of this "Place, whereof my Father has made a "perfect Paradise. The large Forest Trees, "such as would distract Mr. Evelyn with "Admiration, shut in a perfect Park sloping

" to the River, and there is a Flower Garden " round the House, where my Mother reigns "like a Queen. I can hardly wonder that "neither of them ever wishes to come "Home. They say you, my dear Uncle, " are the only Friend they would desire "to see again, and my Father is as staunch "as ever in declaring that the Oaths he "took to King James must remain invio-" late. This has withheld him from holding "any Magistracy in the Colony, but he is "not the less respected, and my Mother is "treated as one from whom a Word is a " Distinction. I know not what you meant "by preparing me to think my Father a "rough Diamond; he is certainly not deeply "read, but I never saw a more dignified "Gentleman, and his Manners to my "Mother have a gallant Sweetness that

" almost brings the Tears to my Eyes when "I think of the Letters you gave me to "read; but then who could not but be full " of tender Respect to my Mother? You "never told me how sweet and lovely is "her Countenance, nor will my Sisters ever " be her equals, though they be pretty Girls "enow. My Father did wince a little when "his eyes fell on the Queen's Initials on "my Sword Belt, but he is never weary " of setting me on to tell of our Cam-"paigns, and cannot but rejoice that we " have thrashed the French, whom he says, "even in Ireland, he longed to be driving "into the Sea. He said, as he wrote to " you, that I was bound by no Engagement "to King James, and that he was heartily "glad I had seen Service, and not been "bred like himself to my young Master's

"Idleness. So good were both to me that "I have ventured to broach the Matter so "near my Heart. My Father cried, 'So "be it then; if you have Chetwynd's con-"sent, you have mine.' And then, more "thoughtfully, he said, 'So it is to be a "Love Match, Tom? May be, it will " save her and you some Pain. Look you. "For five Years I was too great a Brute "to love your Mother. For two more I "was too great a Brute for her to love; "but since that time two Doves, that came "together for sheer Love, could not have "been more to one another than we. So "only take you care, Captain Tom, that "beginning in Love Things do not go "by contraries with you.' To the which " I made Answer as you may suppose, and "my dear Mother is as fond of listening "to the praises of my Darling as is my "Father to the Siege of Lisle, while my "Sisters promise wonderful gifts of Birch-"bark Broideries to be procured from the "Indians. My Brother Francis will return "with me to study for a year or two at "the University before coming back to the "Estate here, which he loves too well ever "to wish to leave this country, though my " Mother begs that before he comes back " hither, I will take him to Ballymore, to bear "her greetings to good old Mab, and to see "the Place that she says is dearer to her "than any other in the Old World. And "verily, my dear Uncle, were it not for "you, and for that one Other, I could not "bear to quit them again, and once more "become a Stranger Son; but my Mother "says that ever since Francis was born "she has looked on me as your Right, and well-nigh the Offering required from her to show her true Love and Value for my Father. And sure I am that no married Pair were ever more happy and blessed than are they."

THE END.

